

37,760 MORE
ANSWERS TO ADVTs. APPEARING
IN THE WORLD WERE RECEIVED AT
THE WORLD OFFICE LAST MONTH
THAN DURING SEPTEMBER, 1892.

THE EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All"
NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1893.

41,075
EMPLOYMENT ADVERTISEMENTS
WERE PUBLISHED IN THE
WORLD LAST MONTH.

Princes and Princesses as Circus Performers--Sunday's World.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

THE MURDERESS HELD.

Mrs. Fitzgerald Arraigned in the Harlem Court.

The Slayer of Mrs. Pearsall Cool and Collected.

Her Examination Is Set Down for Next Saturday.

An intensely dramatic scene was witnessed in the Fifth District Police Court in One Hundred and Twenty-first street, this morning, when Mrs. Catherine Fitzgerald was brought to the bar charged with the murder of Mrs. Carrie Pearsall.

It was a crowded court-room, in which black and white men and women, were intermingled. All pressed forward to the fall in defiance of the bluecoats who vainly tried to keep them back. There was a stern, yet sympathetic, judge on the bench, a dozen or more reporters and as many loungers within the rail, and a woman dressed in black from head to foot.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was treated with much consideration. No questions of any kind were asked, save one--her name. She raised the thick black veil just a moment to answer the question; raised it only just far enough to comply with the law.

The judge asked the question in a voice so low that it could not be heard six feet away, and the woman answered in kind. All was over then. She was held for examination next Saturday. She was led quietly back to the prison, where she will remain until Saturday.

Policeman Pearsall, husband of the woman who was shot dead in her own home last evening, saw Deputy-Coroner O'Hara shortly after 8 o'clock this morning. Then he arrayed himself in his mourning, and waiting until he was in conversation with Mrs. Fitzgerald.

In the court room, before he went into "the prisoners' pen" to see her, he laughed with some brother officers.

Mrs. Fitzgerald slept as soundly last night as if there was no such thing as a murder hanging over her head. The matron at the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station had been kind to her.

However irrational she had been last evening after her insane jealousy had taken her, she was now sane, and she looked a little feeble, but her eye was bright.

Her husband had called at the police station early, taking with him a thick, heavy veil. It was fastened at the back of her head, drawn over and hung half way down to her waist.

It was about 9 o'clock when Detectives Farley and Bruner suggested that it was time to go to court. She took her husband's extended arm willingly and the two walked out. The detectives followed on either side, Bruner, having the pistol with which the murder was committed. They did not take a car.

On arriving at the court the party was met by Mrs. Fitzgerald's cousin, Lawyer McLaughlin. All proceeded to the sergeant's room. Mrs. Fitzgerald's maiden name was Catherine Fitzgerald.

Her husband did not leave her side for an instant, save when Policeman Pearsall came in and talked with her. All attempts to interview her were unsuccessful. Her husband said there was no more to tell.

Policeman Pearsall also was uncommunicative. He declined positively to say anything about the conversation he had with his wife's slayer.

Justice Welde, who occupied the bench, disposed of nearly a hundred cases, and still the homicide was not officially brought to his attention. At 10:10 o'clock the calendar was clear. Then he got up and calmly lighted a cigar, which he began to smoke. About half of it had been consumed when the door leading to the sergeant's room opened and Mrs. Fitzgerald, her husband, cousin and the two detectives walked out. Policeman Pearsall had disappeared.

Fitzgerald helped his wife up the two wooden steps leading to the clerk's desk. The clerk had already prepared the papers. The complaint had been sworn to by the detectives. Without even being asked, her answers had been filled in and all that was necessary was for her to sign.

In order to do so she had to raise her veil. Seeing this the husband sprang between her and the reporters. Then he raised the veil and held it around her face so that only the upper half could be seen.

As signed as Justice Welde said "smoked his cigar."

Then she moved forward to the bar. The rail, which had been dropped after she had placed her signature to the legal document, was raised again for a second. Justice Welde read the complaint over carefully. He asked her name, then asked her husband what he wanted done with her. Fitzgerald replied that he wanted an examination on Saturday. The veil was drawn down again and the court proceedings were over.

It was only after an examination of

the papers later that it was found she had pleaded not guilty. Of course she was committed without bail.

Mad with jealousy of Mrs. Pearsall and the thought that she had been robbed of her husband's affections, is the excuse that her friends give for Mrs. Fitzgerald's act.

If there was any ground for jealousy the husband of the dead woman does not believe it. To his mind she was a purty itself, and he points to the cleanliness of her home as evidence of her domestic habits. The neighbors speak well of the dead woman also, and not a breath of suspicion concerning her ever crossed their mind.

The murder occurred shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon at 515 East Eighty-sixth street, the home of the Pearsalls.

Mrs. Pearsall left her apartments on the top floor at 4:15 o'clock. She wore a close-fitting gown of dark material and a jaunty hat. When she reached the lower hallway she saw Mrs. Fitzgerald standing in an angle formed by the hall door and the wall.

"What do you want here?" she asked. "I want you," Mrs. Fitzgerald replied. "Some of the tenants on the floor above heard angry voices. Then the sounds of four pistol-shots in rapid succession rang out. There was a startled scream and all was quiet.

Out on the street the shots had also been heard. A crowd quickly gathered and burst in the hall door. The tenants from the floors above rushed downstairs. There on the floor they saw Mrs. Pearsall gasping in her death struggles.

One of the four shots fired had taken effect. That bullet had entered at the right side of the neck and cut its way through Mrs. Pearsall's jugular vein. Her life blood was trickling in a steady stream down the hall, where it formed into a pool near the doorway.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was still standing in the hallway. She was very pale. Slowly she opened a small hand-satchel, which she carried at her side, and in it dropped the revolver. Then she turned and with one look at her dying victim walked out the door.

A frightened crowd followed her. She proceeded slowly up Eighty-sixth street to Avenue A, and then turned towards the station-house in Eighty-eighth street.

When she entered the station-house there were probably 500 people close behind her. She walked up to the desk and fumbled a moment under her vest. Then she produced the revolver from her satchel and laid it on the desk.

Sergeant Dean was writing on the blotter. He glanced up and instinctively reached for the weapon. Mrs. Fitzgerald had not uttered a word. Standing there, apparently calm, the thought evidently came into her mind that there was one bullet left in the five-chambered revolver.

She leaned across the railing, and with a gasp she snatched the weapon. Pressing the muzzle against her temple, she would probably have been dead in another minute. Sergeant Shier had hurried out of the back room when the crowd surged in. He was at Mrs. Fitzgerald's side and seized her right hand.

He tried to kill Mrs. Fitzgerald, but in an instant she changed the weapon to her left hand and again raised it to her head.

Capt. Pickett rushed out of his room, and with two patrolmen ran to the assistance of the sergeant. There was a furious struggle, and Mrs. Fitzgerald's self-possession gave way to maniacal frenzy.

"Let me die! Let me kill myself! I did it! I did it, but it was in self-defense," she shrieked.

Then she fell faint and was carried into the Captain's room and laid on a sofa. She soon revived and raved hysterically. It was some time before Capt. Pickett learned who she was. Then he sent a policeman for Mrs. Fitzgerald's family physician, Dr. Frank Haviland, of 202 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street.

Capt. Pickett hurried down to Police Headquarters to consult Inspector McLaughlin, who had just left for home.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was kept in the Captain's room until 5 o'clock, when she was taken to her self-possession. Then she was taken to a cell. Later she was transferred to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, where there is a matron. She was locked up there for the night.

Meantime there was an exciting scene at the station-house and at the Pearsall home. Mrs. Fitzgerald learned from some one in the crowd while Mrs. Fitzgerald was in Capt. Pickett's room that she had shot Mrs. Pearsall. Policeman John Pearsall was sent to the house. A little later, when it was known that Mrs. Pearsall was dead, her husband was roused and told to go home, as something was wrong.

When the detectives reached the house they found an excited crowd filling the street. They forced their way into the narrow hall where lay the body of the richly dressed woman.

When Pearsall arrived he almost stumbled over the body lying on the floor. His wife's face was covered with blood and his eyes were red. At first, when he realized who was lying there he wiped the blood from her face and cried:

"My wife! Who did this? She isn't dead! Oh, for God's sake, tell me she isn't!"

A moment later an ambulance rattled up to the door. A glance was sufficient to tell the surgeon that the woman's life could not have been saved.

The body was then picked up and carried tenderly upstairs. Mrs. Pearsall's daughters, Grace and Mabel, arrived shortly afterwards. Kind friends took them away and broke the awful news as gently as possible.

RUNAWAY CREATES A PANIC. Pedestrians Near Brooklyn City Hall Ran for Their Lives.

Driver of the Animal Fortunately Escapes Severe Injuries.

A score of people on their way to business and several politicians who were standing around had a narrow escape from being trampled to death under the feet of an infuriated horse in front of the Brooklyn City Hall at 9:30 o'clock this morning.

Joseph Griesbach, of the beer-bottling firm of Griesbach & Schuetzler, 132 Melrose street, Brooklyn, was driving a wagon loaded with bottles when he passed the front of the City Hall. The horse, a gray gelding, was frightened by the sound of the bells and the clanging of the gong, and reared up and ran towards the City Hall.

Griesbach was unable to stop the horse, and it ran upon the sidewalk in front of the City Hall. Several men passing at the time turned out of the way and called out to warn others of their danger.

Pedestrians ran in all directions and sought safety on the steps of the Hall and behind the Beecher statue.

The horse ran across the stone walk and the onlookers expected to see it dash into the plate-glass windows of stores on the opposite side of Fulton street.

Just as the runaway reached the curb in front of the City Hall, the horse reared up and the wagon overturned. Griesbach was dragged thirty feet.

The horse was finally brought to a stop by the reins and fell. Griesbach was thrown from under the wagon, and a slight bruise on his forehead. He was assisted by an ambulance surgeon and sent home.

AGAINST COURT OFFICIALS.

Judge Van Syckel Scores Men Who Licensed Linden's Track.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Oct. 3.—Judge Van Syckel at the opening of the Union County Court today hurled a bombshell at the Linden race track and the Township Committee who voted to grant it a license.

Judge Van Syckel, after the Grand Jurors had been sworn, spoke to them of the duties reburied under their oaths, and then said they would be called upon to consider complaints of bribery and corruption against some officials who stood high in the county, and in doing so they should not be influenced by anything but their duty.

The officials, Judge Van Syckel said to whom he referred, were the members of the Linden Township Committee, who recently granted a license to the Linden Park Blood-Horse Association for a consideration of \$5,000, to be paid over to a private corporation.

One of the Committee who voted to grant that license was a stockholder in the Association to be benefited, yet he was none the more guilty of bribery and corruption than the others who voted with him. They were alike guilty of bribery.

If the charges against these men were true, then it was the duty of the Grand Jury to present true bills against them.

The Grand Jurors of Union County heretofore had proven true to their oath, and the Court had every reason to think the present jury would not be derelict in its duty.

This strong charge caused a decided sensation. It was probably owing to an inkling of what was on foot and a fear of the consequences that the Township Committee of Linden last night voted 4 to 3 to rescind their action in granting the race track a license.

DROP IN NEW ENGLAND.

Story of a Big Combine Has No Effect on the Stock Market.

Dulness reigned supreme on the Stock Exchange this morning. Not even the sensational yarn printed in a morning newspaper about an alleged combination between McLeod, Gould and Sage to control the New York & New England and bring the road into this city over an independent line, so as to annihilate the New York, New Haven & Hartford, excited.

New England opened up 5-8 to 23-24 and later dropped to 23-25. This is anything but a flattering response to the efforts of the supposed new combine. The Reading fell 3-4 to 17-18, Burlington & Quincy 7-8 to 31-32, Louisville & Nashville 1-2 to 41-42, Western Union 7-8 to 30-32, and Lackawanna 11-4 to 14-15.

American Sugar rose 7-8 to 31-32, and Canadian Southern 3-4 to 40-41. Up to 10:30 A. M. not a single sale of Chicago Gas had been made. The stock subsequently sold at 32-33 to 32-34. Distillers ranged from 27-28 to 27-29.

The loan for \$200,000 made to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company by a New York syndicate, headed by Speyer & Co., fell due yesterday. James Speyer said the receivers of the road made a proposition for the loan, but it was not accepted. He would not say whether the loan would be sold out or transferred.

At one time in the evening a \$100,000 additional stock to be voted at the Louisville & Nashville's annual meeting tomorrow will be used. It is said to buy the Georgia road, Atlanta to Port Royal, now leased jointly by Louisville & Nashville and Georgia Central.

"Bloody Monday" a Thing of the Past.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 3.—Last night's experience indicates that "Bloody Monday" at Harvard College is a thing of the past. At one time in the evening a few valiant '96 men attempted to rally their class, but the attempt was futile and they soon left it. Sanders Theatre was well filled by first-year men and many of the older students to listen to the good advice of the professors and governors of the college.

"BIFF" IS CHIPPER.

Apparently Recovered from the Shock of His Conviction.

Unable to Understand How the Jury Could Do It.

He Relied on the Testimony of His
Two Disinterested Witnesses.

Frank Ellison, awaiting sentence to State prison as a convicted criminal, was different in no way when he came down from his Tombs cell to see an "Evening World" reporter from the Frank Ellison of three months ago.

He had completely recovered from the shock which the verdict of the jury gave him at midnight, and was again the cool swaggar that is his most apparent characteristic.

He came down from cell 53 on the second tier dressed in a respectable pair of light trousers, that made a crook at the waistband in his bulging stomach, and the same light plaid coat he wore during the trial. The fingers of his small hands were shoved into the seam pockets of the trousers, and he lounged with his big shoulders against the post of stone at the foot of the stairs as he talked in that slovenly fashion of his.

"I haven't anything to say for publication about my case," said he. "I suppose there will be an appeal, but I don't know. I was down for a conviction."

"You said Ellison with a whimsical laugh, 'I slept all night. I was pretty tired when I got in. I've been living in a room at the Tombs for three months now, and I'm pretty tired. I guess I shall live through it.'"

It took the Ellison jury two hours to reach a verdict. The jury was composed of twelve men, and the verdict was a life term in prison. Ellison was convicted of the murder of a woman named Mary Smith, who was found dead in a room at the Tombs. Ellison's two disinterested witnesses, who testified that they saw him with the woman, were not believed by the jury.

STORM'S HAVOC IN CANADA.

Boats Driven Ashore and Loss of Life Is Feared.

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CHATHAM, N. B., Oct. 3.—A very heavy storm has been raging in New Brunswick and parts of Nova Scotia since Sunday night. The coast is covered with drift ice, and the sea is very rough. Many boats have been driven ashore, and a loss of life is feared.

The bark Valona is high and dry on South Beach, and the bark Konoma and Macleod are on the beach. The crews are safe, but it is impossible yet to reach the vessels as the sea is running very high.

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The Magnolia and Cooley's warehouses were blown down, and two unknown negroes were drowned in the cotton yard.

Magnificent oaks all over the city are laid low and the earth is covered with green leaves whipped from the trees by the winds. Houses all over the city have been unroofed and roofs blown down.

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The applicant swore that he had lived five years in this country, and that he possessed all the other qualifications to entitle him to citizenship. Myer Marks, who was that of his own knowledge he knew that statement to be true. Both answered all questions put to them by the examining clerk and the Judge satisfactorily, and Marks got his certificate of citizenship.

Citizen Marks prospered and saved money, and recently he decided to visit his home in Russia. He thought it would be safer to be provided with a passport in the dominions of the Czar, than to go without one. He applied for a passport to the United States Ambassador in Russia, and he was told that he must first obtain a passport from the State Department in Washington.

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Marks went to Washington, and there he discovered that his statement in his application for a passport was at variance with his statement in his application for citizenship. He was told that he must first obtain a passport from the State Department in Washington.

STORM'S HAVOC IN CANADA.

Boats Driven Ashore and Loss of Life Is Feared.

HALIFAX, N. S., Oct. 3.—The steamer Carroll which left Boston at noon on Saturday, arrived here at midnight after a very boisterous passage.

CHATHAM, N. B., Oct. 3.—A very heavy storm has been raging in New Brunswick and parts of Nova Scotia since Sunday night. The coast is covered with drift ice, and the sea is very rough. Many boats have been driven ashore, and a loss of life is feared.

The bark Valona is high and dry on South Beach, and the bark Konoma and Macleod are on the beach. The crews are safe, but it is impossible yet to reach the vessels as the sea is running very high.

The bark Bessie Macleod, and a New Brunswick steamer, the Prudhomme, are stuck on the beach. The bark Valona is high and dry on South Beach, and the bark Konoma and Macleod are on the beach. The crews are safe, but it is impossible yet to reach the vessels as the sea is running very high.

WEBSTER'S SENTENCE AFFIRMED.

Convicted for Killing Charles Goodwin in 1891.

A telegram received at the District Attorney's office this morning contained the information of the affirmation by the Court of Appeals of the case of the People against Burton C. Webster.

Webster was convicted of manslaughter for the killing of Charles Goodwin in the Percival Flats, in this city, in 1891. He was sentenced to nine years and ten months in State prison.

Wire News in Brief.

A terrible fire is raging in the woods near Spennymoor, in Yorkshire, England. A death from smoke was the first result of the fire. The fire is now under control, but the damage has been done.

The fire broke out at 10:30 P. M. and spread rapidly. The firemen were unable to reach the fire until 1:30 A. M. The fire was finally extinguished at 3:30 A. M. The damage was estimated at \$25,000.

DAVIS BEFORE THE GRAND JURY.

Lawyer Gerald Davis, of 41 Pine Street, Is Expected to Appear.

The Grand Jury today in reference to the case of Francis H. Weeks.

In addition to his appearance he is requested to produce all papers and documents relating to the case he may have in his possession.

Assistant District Attorney Lindsay said this morning that he had positively known that Weeks will be exonerated, having heard that no appeal would be taken.

It is said that District Attorney Nicol is somewhat worried by the case. He has been unable to get a certificate of reasonable doubt of the correctness of his conviction from some Justice of the Supreme Court, and he will remain in prison pending the appeal of his case.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

KILLED BY A DYNAMO.

Wm. Mullany's Frightful Death in an Electric Light Works.

Fell Face Forward on the Deadly Machine He Was Oiling.

Burned and Scarred Before Help Could Reach Him.

William Mullany, an older in the Manhattan Electric Light Works, Eighty-third street and Avenue B, was instantly killed by an electrical shock in the dynamo room at 2:30 o'clock this morning.

Mullany was an older on the day shift, but last night he took the place of Albert Kitley, another older, whose wife had died. He worked all day yesterday and last night.

He was oiling dynamo No. 3, on the second floor, Beverly Taylor, of 109 East Ninety-seventh street, another older, and several other workmen heard a cry from Mullany. Taylor turned and saw Mullany fall across the dynamo he was oiling. By means among the Vigilant.

After the crew of the English yacht had reached, they began work with a will upon the rigging. The standing rigging was torn and grooved, and the ship's gear generally took about the bottom was attended to by the "deck" crew. They mounted the rigging, and began to hammer kinks in the ropes. The rigging was torn and grooved, and